For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iag. I see this hath a little dasht your spirits.

Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.

Iag. Ifaith I feare it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke,
Comes from my loue: But I doe see you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech,
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to suspition.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe so my Lord,
My speech should fall into such vile successe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Cassio's* my trusty friend:
My Lord, I see you are moou'd.

Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iag. Long liue she so, and long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it selfe.

Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her owne Clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may smell in such a will, most ranke
Foule disproportion: thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in position,
Distinctly speake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doest perceiue, let me know more, set on
Thy wife to obserue: leaue me *Iago.*

Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubtlesse
Sees and knowes more, much more then he vnfoulds.
My Lord, I would I might intreate your honour,

To

To scan this thing no furthe
Tho it be fit, that *Cassio* hau
For sure he fills it vp with gr
Yet if you please to hold hi
You shall by that perceiue h
Note if your Lady straine h
With any strong or veheme
Much will be seene in that, i
Let me be thought too bus
As worthy cause I haue, to
And hold her free, I doe bes
Oth. Feare not my goue
Iag. I once more take m
Oth. This fellowe's of ex
And knowes all qualities, w
Of humaine dealing: if I do
Tho that her Iesses were my
I'de whistle her off, and let h
To prey at fortune. Happil
And haue not those soft par
That Chamlerers haue, or f
Into the valt of yeares; yet t
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, an
Must be to lothe her: O cu
That we can call these delic
And not their appetites: I h
And liue vpon the vapor in a
Then keepe a corner in a thi
For others vses: yet tis the
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse t
Tis desteny, vnshunnable, lik
Euen then this forked plagu
When we doe quicken: *De*
If she be false, O then heauen
I'le not believe it.

Enter Desden

Desd. How now my dea